



Time Card No. 147

Effective Sunday, April 12, 1914.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 39—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:01 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ar. 7:05 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 32—C. & St. L. Lim. 5:25 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:52 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:54 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:18 p. m.

No. 52 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and as far south as Erie, and for Louisville. No. 55 and 56 also connect for Louisville and way points.

No. 55 and 56 make direct connections at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 55 and 56 also connect for Louisville and way points.

No. 55 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa. Florida Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 56 will carry local passengers for points north of Hopkinsville, Tenn.

J. C. HOOE, Asst.

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TRAINING A BUMP

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH.

"He's fooling!"
"No, he's in trouble!"
"He's down again!"
"Where are the life-savers?"
It wasn't at the seashore, but at a quiet inland lake fronting a big summer hotel. There were forty or fifty guests in bathing when the shouts and struggles of a young man who had been too venturesome suddenly attracted attention.

Of the people in the water not more than half could swim. Of the half that could every one hesitated. There is more peril in seeking to rescue a drowning man than rushing into a burning building. A drowning man grapples with a puller you down. And, too, the alarm always comes so suddenly that its nature is not comprehended for a moment.

The lookers-on were screaming and shouting, but no one in the water going to the rescue. Then a girl who had just donned her bathing suit came running along the beach and plunged in and swam for the sinking man. She went through the water like a power boat and the watchers called to each other:

"That's the Waverly girl. She will save him."

When she had brought the man into shallower water there was help enough extended, and his unconscious body was soon at the hotel and under the care of the doctors.

The Waverly girl was cheered, but she seemed rather more disgusted than pleased. She had saved the life of Alger Montague, and Alger was the son of his widowed mother and a pet.

He was twenty-three years old; he had "that tired feeling." He was also bored with life. He went about with a weary air and announced that there were so many "gurls" it gave him a pain!

Miss Beatrice Waverly was also at the hotel. Her mother was also a widow. An introduction had come about, but there was one who wished it hadn't. That one was young Alger.

Miss Beatrice sized him up at once. She had no use for his kind. Half a day after the introduction he found her in a shady nook reading a book.

"Ah, there, Miss Waverly, won't you throw aside your book and entertain a fellow?"

"I think I am more interested in the book!" was the freezing reply.

"But what's a fellow to do, ye know?"

"You might sit on the shore of the lake and kick pebbles!"

"Some fellows would take that as a cut," he said, trying to laugh, "but I shan't. I fancy that we are going to like each other, doncher know?"

"No, I don't know any such thing!" she retorted, and she closed the book and left him.

"All a bluff!" he chuckled, as he looked after her. "She just wants me to think she's coy. Oh, the gurls—the gurls!"

And it was this young man's life that Miss Beatrice had saved. It wouldn't have come about but for his playing the fool with another young lady. He had boasted to her that he could swim across the lake, and when asked to make his word good he had paddled out beyond the safety line and got a cramp and been brought ashore almost dead.

"You don't like him," said Mrs. Waverly to her daughter, "but let him down easy."

"He's a young man that needs taking down a few pegs!" answered Beatrice. "But let some one else do it. If he's spoiled it's his mother's fault, but I'm not going to tell her so."

Of course, after the life-saving came the thanks. Miss Beatrice dodged the saved young man, because she had an object in view.

In a day or two, however, she let him "discover" her half a mile from the hotel and his mother. She was skipping clamshells on the surface of the water when he came running up with extended hand.

"Bai George, but doncher know I've been looking everywhere for you!"

"No, I didn't know it," she replied.

"It was fierce of you—weally it was. How did you ever come to do it?"

"Because I didn't know who it was!"

"Oh, you cawn't make me believe that—you weally cawn't!"

"If I had known it was you I wouldn't have moved hand or foot!"
"Lord bless me!"

"Mr. Montague, sit down here a moment, will you? Now, then, what part of England were you born in?"

"Why, me deah gurl—I!"

"That's enough of that!"

"But I waan't born in England at all."

"But why do you ape the ways of Englishmen?"

"Lard bless me, but—"

"Give me a plain answer."

"Well, the fellahs at my club do it, and—"

"And so you play the brainless fool because some one else does!"

"Weally, Miss—I—I—"

"Are you trying to pronounce the word 'really'?"

Mr. Montague was flushing painfully and digging his toe into the sand.

"What is the meaning of 'doncher know'?"

Silence.

"Is a 'fellah' a fellow or a fool?"

Sandy silence.

"And what is a 'gurl,' please? I never came across the word in the dictionary."

"Miss Beatrice, I—I can't make you out!" mumbled Alger.

"Miss Waverly, if you please. It's easy enough to make me out. I saved a young man's life the other day. I am trying to ascertain if it was worth the effort."

"I hope so."

"Perhaps it was, but what do I find you? Treated as a big baby by your mother; no knowledge of business, no profession, no idea of the value of money. You are merely hanging about and playing the fool."

"I suppose you flatter yourself that all the 'gurls,' as you call them, are struck on you. All the brainless ones may be. If you and your mother plan a marriage for you look for a brainless girl."

"We may meet again a year or so later, and I shall be interested to know whether I ought to have saved your life or let it go to the fishes. If you have an engagement elsewhere, Mr. Montague—"

He had, and he got up and lifted his hat and walked off. Miss Beatrice saw him no more that day, and in the evening his mother said to her:

"Do you know that I am very much alarmed about dear Alger?"

"What seems to be the matter with him?"

"He's been lying on the divan all the afternoon, and not sleeping, either. When I ask what ails him he says he's thinking. Doesn't it bring on brain fever to think?"

"It might if one thought too hard!"

"I may get a doctor for him in the morning. If I should lose the dear boy by death I know I should feel inclined to commit suicide."

She and Alger went away next day, and he forgot to bid Miss Beatrice a fond farewell. In fact, he appeared to be so deeply thinking that he stepped on a fat woman's foot and did not apologize until he was 23 miles away.

A year and a half later it was winter, and Miss Beatrice Waverly was visiting a girl friend whose family had an all-the-year-round house in the country. In enjoying a skate on a pond it was Miss Beatrice who broke through the ice, and it was the other one that screamed for help.

It was Miss Beatrice, however, who recognized the foremost of three young men who answered the screams. She was clinging to the broken edges and benumbed by the cold, but as she was seized by two strong arms and pulled out she had spirit enough left to say:

"Weally, Mr. Montague, doncher know that I am glad to see you!"

"Forget it!" he said.

A romance begun in a lake shouldn't end in a pond, and this one didn't. Alger Montague no longer looked brainless to the girl whose life he had saved. He was no longer conceited about the girls.

And, later, when he asked for hand and heart, there wasn't a flaw in his pronunciation, and it was the mischievous girl who got the chance to say:

"If I don't forget it, me deah fellah, I'll think the mattrah over to-night and let you know in the morning!"—Boston Globe.

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Steve—Yes. First thing you know they will want the front seat on the motorcycle.

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